

# TRIOLET

a form of French Poetry that has 8 lines, only two rhymes, and utilizes line repetition.

# LINE REPITITION

- The 1st line is repeated in the 4th and 7th lines.
- The 2nd line is repeated in the 8th line.

# RHYME SCHEME

a

b

a

a

a

b

a

b

# ALL TOGETHER

1a

2b

a

1a

a

b

1a

2b

## ***HOW GREAT MY GRIEF* BY THOMAS HARDY**

**How great my grief, my joys how few,  
Since first it was my fate to know thee!**

**- Have the slow years not brought to view**

**How great my grief, my joys how few,  
Nor memory shaped old times anew,**

**Nor loving-kindness helped to show thee**

**How great my grief, my joys how few,**

**Since first it was my fate to know thee?**

***THE MORNING TRIOLET* BY PRASHANT  
SHAURYA**

**Each day when sun rises at dawn  
and on their perch the sparrows tweet  
heavenly pearls roll down my lawn...**

**Each day when sun rises at dawn  
and rainbows on the sky are drawn  
the cuckoo sings some melody sweet...**

**Each day when sun rises at dawn  
and on their perch the sparrows tweet...**

***WHO IS IN THE MIRROR?* BY BRYAN BRIDGES**

**She does not know day to day  
Whose image she sees reflected.  
Her mind slips and gives way.  
She does not know day to day.  
Old friends never know what to say  
Fearing they will, again, be rejected.  
She does not know day to day  
Whose image she sees reflected.**

## ***YOU WATCH ME* BY HEATHER ROMITO**

**As you watch me walk away,  
A scowl on your face,  
You know you'll regret this day.  
As you watch me walk away,  
Your whole world fades to grey.  
You'll never see another trace,  
As you watch me walk away,  
A scowl on your face.**